

Add Question To This List

MR. PATTERSON, the cash register manufacturer, prints this to be placed before his many thousands of employees:

Can You Truthfully Repeat These Words?

I am thorough.
I am thoughtful.
I am courteous.
I am cheerful.
I am logical.
I am economical.
I am happy.

This will be published in two million different newspapers, seen by ten millions of Americans. What percentage will THINK about these questions? Mere READING is nothing. THINKING is all. Thinking is to reading as digestion is to eating.

Which is the most important of Mr. Patterson's seven questions? And what question would you ADD to the seven? Do not immediately read on to get the answer of an editor, but give your OWN answer before you read further.

To be **ECONOMICAL** is important, for economy means independence, and the absence of independence means slavery.

To be "logical" is important. But to say "I am logical" may mean that you lack logic. The logic of today is the folly of tomorrow, and the absolutely SETTLED FACT of today is the discarded superstition of tomorrow.

To be **CHEERFUL** is important, for cheerfulness expands the mind, tempers the nerves, steadies them. Cheerfulness, however, is a thing to be enjoyed, not commanded; it is the by-product of good work.

To be **COURTEOUS** is highly important, for politeness is to business what oil is to the automobile. You may have the best machine in the world, but if you don't oil it there will soon be no machine.

You may have any amount of business ability, and unless you happen to be at the top, dominating, you won't do much if you lack the oil of courtesy.

To be **THOROUGH** is important. No man ever could say that he ever was entirely THOROUGH, for to be thorough means to take out of yourself EVERYTHING that is within yourself. No man can be sure that he has done that.

The most important of Mr. Patterson's lines is "I am thoughtful." If a man can say that, knowing what it means, he is to be congratulated. THINKING is everything. It is the preliminary real work, the rest follows. The real factory in which you live and work is your brain. And thinking is the work done in that brain.

The difference between men and animals is the difference of thinking. The difference between the man who takes orders and the man who gives them is the difference of thinking. The difference between him that rules and him that humbly obeys is a difference of thinking.

If you think, you acquire power and increase it—assuming that there is concentration in the thinking. And if you do not think, then you are drifting on the stream.

What would you ADD to Mr. Patterson's seven lines? You would certainly add this:

I AM DISCONTENTED.
You might leave out the words, "I am happy," and substitute, "I am discontented," in place of it. It really doesn't matter much whether you are happy or not while you are climbing toward something worth while. But it matters most vitally whether or not you are DISCONTENTED.

THINK and BE DISCONTENTED, wisely, discontented with YOURSELF, and you will go as far as it is within you to go.

Get Out and Stay Out

CONGRESSMAN BRITTEN, from Chicago, declares that he intends to introduce a resolution into the new Congress calling upon the President of the United States to make representations to France and to the League of Nations in favor of withdrawing the black troops from Germany.

We doubt not the immeasurable atrocity of keeping these troops in Germany, but we do doubt the wisdom and the dignity of Mr. Britten's contemplated resolution. We are out of Europe in spirit now. We do not want to stick our official noses in that unsavory pie again if we can help it. We take it that the new Administration will keep its promise and obey its instructions from the people to withdraw the few soldiers which we now have in Europe.

If France wants to continue the course which she has steadily pursued since the armistice, of alienating American public opinion and of depriving herself of the advantage of that admiration and sympathy which the majority of the people entertained for her, we do not see how we can prevent it.

Some day France will return to sobriety. That combination of bankers, steel magnates, monarchists, militarists and war profiteers which now rules France will sometime be overthrown, and the French peasant and the French workman will be represented effectually in the government.

When that time comes and the new regime takes an account of stock, it will find how much it has lost, how much French imperialism since the war has cost France.

If she thinks she can afford to throw away the great asset of American sympathy and admiration for the justice of her cause during the war and the heroic way she maintained it, let her take the risk. We cannot wet nurse France or any other European country. We do not want to do it. Indeed, the American people are determined that we shall not.

To Remedy an Old Wrong

FOR eighty-three years officers of the regular army have received longevity pay and allowances. Even officers who left the service to join the Confederacy afterward had their status, longevity pay and allowances restored.

But under the technical rulings of one Comptroller of the Currency, reversed by his successors, certain pay and allowance claims filed during his term of office were disallowed. Only an act of the Congress can validate them.

Because of this special ruling the heirs of Generals Sheridan, Sherman, Thomas and other Union commanders cannot get paid, although the heirs of Generals Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Longstreet and other Confederate officers have received allowances.

An effort will be made in the new Congress to correct this injustice. Congress provided in 1838 "longevity pay" for officers in the regular army after exceptionally long service. A case in point is a widow living in Clinton County, N. Y., aged eighty-eight, whose husband enlisted as a sergeant in 1847 and died a brevet brigadier-general after nearly fifty years' service. There is due in this instance nearly \$3,000, withheld these many years by order of some bureaucrat in this city.

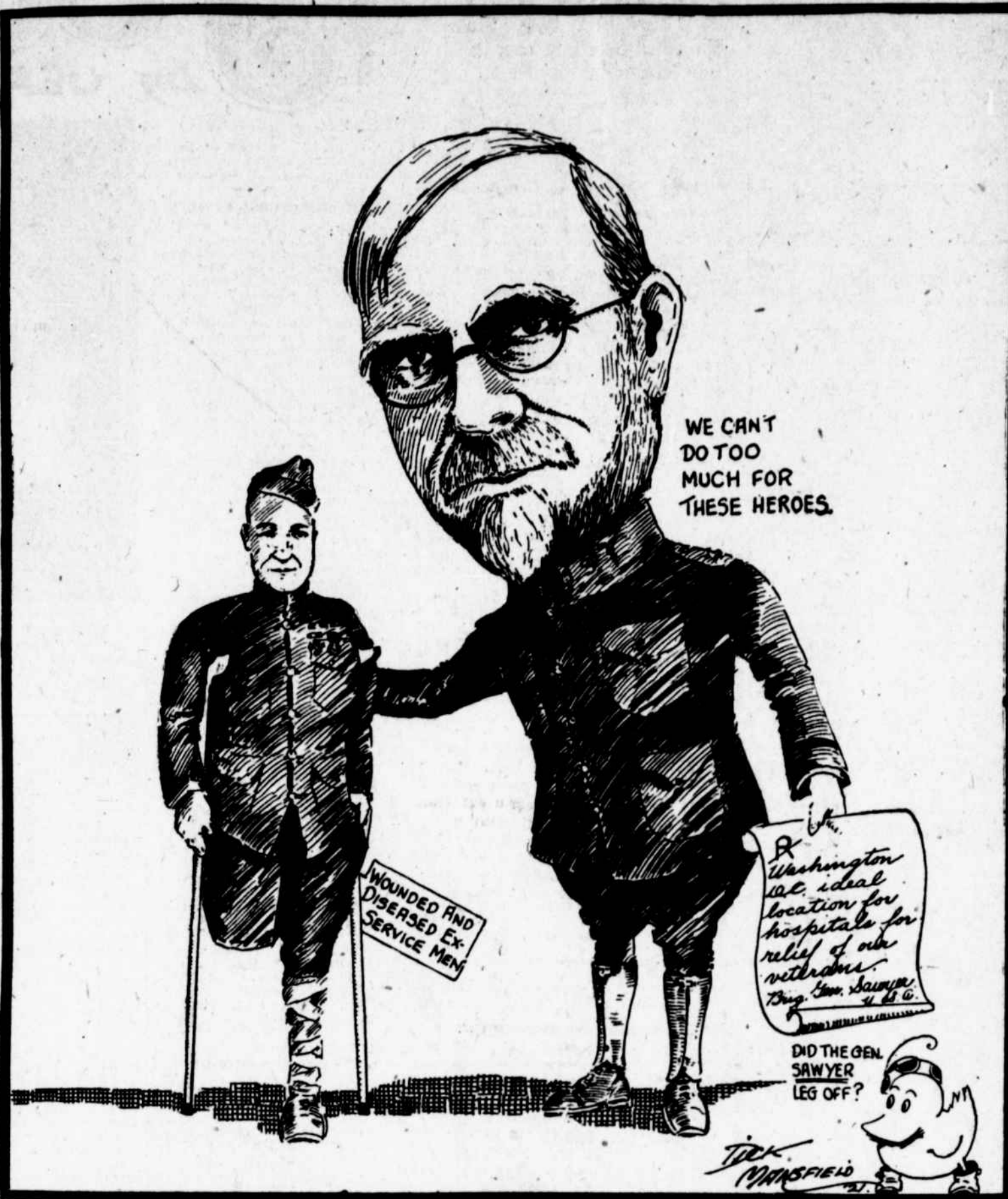
Stars and Stripes

Greed is the offspring of Plenty passing for the child of Need.

Gold is taken from the dirt of the earth to be mingled with the dirt of men's deeds.

A liar has a dishonest ear as well as a dishonest tongue.

It's the Doctor's Orders



HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

It is remarkable, says Tasker Lowndes Oddie, new Senator from Nevada, how a great emergency seems to call forth some peculiar circumstance that effectually meets it.

Down in Death Valley not long ago the Senator had a most remarkable experience, illustrating just this theory. He was motoring down into this parched inferno with a party of Eastern capitalists who were interested in copper mine. Among them was Charles M. Schwab.

Away out in the desert they met two prospectors with a decrepit horse and a rickety wagon, bound for civilization, that one of the them, who was suffering from blood poisoning, might be operated on. The railroad was yet days away and the man's condition was desperate. He would never have lived to make it.

But a member of the Schwab party was Dr. Jim Brown, of Pittsburgh, one of the most eminent surgeons in the United States. So, out there in the vast solitudes of the desert, a very delicate operation was performed, and one of those gallant spirits who constantly play hide and seek with death as administered by the demon thirst, was saved that he might continue his quest that today or next month or next year may result in the birth of a new Tonopah or Goldfield to add illimitable wealth to the world.

William Jennings Bryan tells this story of the most attentive auditor he ever acquired in all his experience of public speaking.

He was delivering an address up Minnesota way and had not been going long when he noticed a man right down in front who was concentrating attention upon him in a most unusual way. The speech went on and on, but this fixed concentration never varied. It fascinated the speaker, gratified him. He spoke right to this man, acquitted himself rather better than usual because of his attentive inspiration.

When the address was over he came down from the platform, shook this man by the hand, thanked him for his evident appreciation, told him what a help it had been.

"I would like to ask," he said, "if it is not too personal, just what quality it was in my performance which held you so unwaveringly to it."

"Well," said the stranger, "I have heard a great many speeches. I always go to all the speaking that are held 'round here. But you are the first man I ever heard speak whose back teeth I could see all the time."

Those who used to hear the elder Theodore Roosevelt speak will remember that he had a voice that was none too good for the purpose and that, as he ascended the scale with the rise of the enthusiasm of its owner, it used to break into a high falsetto.

Since young Theodore Roosevelt came to Washington and began to speak at banquets, it has been observed that his voice is much fuller than that of his father, but that it has this same peculiar knack of breaking at the higher ranges.

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Once-Overs

Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc. LEARN CONTROL.

By J. J. MUNDY

If a husband and wife cannot play partners in a card game without displaying their displeasure in the course of a game they should not play together.

The quarrelling couple is mighty disagreeable to the others, and a supposedly friendly and social game takes all the enjoyment from the ones who must hear the ill-tempered words.

None cares for the yellow, complaining whiner who blames his or her partner for lack of success.

A student of human nature can tell a lot about you after playing a game.

Men of big affairs—broadminded, successful men—do not become excited over trifles such as a sma. card game.

Real business men show self-control even when they play.

Control is a habit of mind.

Mr. B. Baer

ANATION OF WHISPERERS

Before the deluge of aridness, Americans used to stamper around with voices as thick as glue and twice as nasty. They used to beat a fraternal alarm on each other's pinch-back coats with fists that were loaded with friendship and primed for the distilled syrup of the malt. In voices that were amplified by a century of crowded freedom they asked each other what they would have. We were a nation of walrus tenors.

The mirrored howling alleys were conglutinated with clients who roared in spasms of acoustic grinding genius. Then they would step out into the night and holler neighborly greetings to the moon, the stars or any planet within hearing distance.

But since prohibition put the dry blanket on the spigot calisthenics, we have become a clan of whisperers. We walk around with heads clear as the Liberty Bell. And just as cracked. The rash of whispering has been analyzed by scientists who have tarred and feathered it under the laboratory title of Bootleggus Yellus.

Bootleggus Squawkus is caused by the Soft and Lows, which have sprung up like mushrooms and act like toadstools. A Soft and Low is a place where everybody sings two quiet octaves below a whisper and a ventriloquist gets a drink provided he can throw his voice over a transom, through the eye of a needle and around four revenue agents.

Two burly suburbanites meet each other anking for the train and chirp good morning to each other in hale and hearty whispers. They smoke a cigar in whispers. They whisper howdy to the Hootchlegger. As each whisper is cashed, their voices get weaker and weaker.

When they get home to the wife their voices can just be faintly detected with the aid of earmuffs and a stethoscope. Which is just as well.

A CRY OF DISTRESS.

Vice President Coolidge says there should be justice in business. Evidently he has been pinched by the profiteers.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office. By K. C. B.

ON THE RANCH, April 12.

ON A 40-acre field. . . IS A leader steer.

WHERE THE ditch goes through. . . FILLED WITH a spirit.

AND CARRIES water. . . OF DEEP unrest.

TO THE lands below. . . AND WHEREVER he goes.

THERE GRAZES a herd. . . IN THE pasture field.

OF THIRTY steers. . . HIS FAITHFUL subjects.

AND THEY'RE silly things. . . TRAIL ALONG.

AND I'VE marveled much. . . AND THREE times now.

AT THEIR foolish ways. . . HE HAS torn his way.

AND SITTING here. . . THROUGH THE wire fence.

ON THE ranch house porch. . . AND WITH the herd.

IT HAS come to me. . . HAS SOUGHT new fields.

THAT AFTER all. . . AND ONLY found.

THEY'RE MUCH the same. . . A BARREN stretch.

AS A human herd. . . OF ROCK made road.

AND SO you'll know. . . AND IF it wasn't.

WHAT I'M talking about. . . THAT THIS leader steer.

I'LL HAVE to tell. . . IS A restless steer.

THAT THESE silly steers. . . AND DISSATISFIED.

HAVE GREAT shade trees. . . IT'S MORE than likely.

FOR THE noon day sun. . . THAT THE twenty-nine.

AND DEEP rich grass. . . WOULD BE content.

FOR THEIR grazing hours. . . BUT INSTEAD of that.

AND IN all the land. . . WHEREVER HE leads.

FOR MILES around. . . THEY FOLLOW on.

NO OTHER cattle. . . AND NONE of them knows.

FARE SO well. . . WHERE HE may go.

AND AMONG these steers. . . OR WHAT he'll find.

I THANK you.

Congress and Our School Necessities

By BILL PRICE.

Unless the majority in Congress agrees upon a limited legislative program for the extra session, there is hope that the pressing needs of the District will receive welcomed attention, particularly the public schools, which, through differences among statesmen, or indifference, are without capacity to care for the young of Washington. So deficient is our public school system in buildings that thousands of children get only a half day's instruction, while the congestion is so great in the high schools as to seriously hamper and retard the pupils.

It is fortunate for Washington that the District Committees of House and Senate are to be composed of men who really understand the requirements of large cities and who want to see Washington become the grandest city in the world. Too often in past years the District committees were made up of men from rural districts, without experience in municipal affairs. It was impossible for them to fully grasp the proper viewpoint for satisfactory legislation for the District.

As to funds to meet the demands of Washington schools, it is to be hoped that Congressman FOCHT, who will head the House District Committee, will pigeonhole his suggestion of raising \$2,000,000 or more by additional taxation upon water users. If every important local problem is to be met by a special levy of taxes upon District people it will be manifestly unfair.

Under a specific 50-50 plan of taxation between the local and Federal Governments, there accumulated in the Treasury over \$4,000,000 of District funds available for school or other purposes. If Congress is to do away with the half-and-half for a 60-40 basis, then let the latter prevail without resorting to special taxation to be borne wholly by District people. If that scheme should continue it would not be long before District people would be taxed to death, and practically forced to provide the upkeep of the Capital City of the nation.

HEARD AND SEEN

A STRONG ASSERTION.

If you kiss an old maid she thinks she's doing you a remarkable favor, whereas if you kiss a widow she is thankful. That is why the old maids have no chance with the widows when it comes to marrying. R. E.

(This brings up a question that the Columnists may wish to express opinions about.)

Do old maids value their kisses very highly and are they stingy with them?

Is it true that widows are "thankful" for kisses?

THE PRESIDENT'S BIG BED.

Seeing in The Times that President Harding is having a bed made that is eight feet long and five feet wide, I am reminded of a gentleman mentioned in the Bible, who had an iron bed measuring nine cubits in length and four cubits in breadth. As a cubit is supposed to be one-and-a-half feet you may judge of the sleeping space. The narrative is found in Deuteronomy, 3rd chap., 11th verse. Read it. H. SMITH

FOUNDING THE O. G.

DEAR BILL:

I never knew just what you did with the contest that I wrote. Until I heard the story of The Hungry Office Goat.

I have sent you in some more. This fact can't be denied. For the I've sent a barrel or more. He's still unsatisfied.

How well I know how he can eat! But there's a limit to his volume. So I'll keep right on sending them. As long as there's a column. I have sent you in some more. And I'm sending more in still. Until I've founded that old goat. He's still unsatisfied. Then you'll have to put one in. Won't you, MR. BILL?

DYING HARD.

Sign in lively stable: "Never tell your secrets in the presence of horses. They carry tails." A. O. A.

BOWIE! BOWIE!

"The Claret" doesn't seem to be making any "smoke" around the Bowie track. This boss should be re-christened "The Plug." That's smokeless.

The "Morning Post" has to look exceedingly good at Bowie before the boys put anything on it. Stiffer with the girls at home though. When the "morning face" looks bad they hold right on it with everything they have—lip-stick, rouge, nail.

HARPERS FERRY.

THE LINE PUZZLES.

The last line puzzle of FRED GEILINGER was deciphered as containing this:

"I thank you for the blackberry cordial reception you gave last week to Fred Geilinger."

"Some of Bill's comments are worth reading."

"Why not give the ex-Kaiser a job in Delaware?"

Correct answers were received from P. D. Q., "PEGGY BEE," "EVELL," O. M., "MARGUERITE MEATHUR," "PLAIN PRINTER," FRANCES COLLINS, MARGARET CHISM, MARY McMAHON, Mrs. W. H. LOVELESS, "OIMNOT," "ATHLETE," P. L. T., HELEN H., AGNES C. ROLLINS, "TWO H and S FANS," MACK S., MARGARET T., RANDOLPH BELFIELD, "WICKED EYES," "STE-NO-TEBO CLUB."

A number of the above found HELEN HUNTER'S line puzzle to contain "Heard and Seen, Washington, D. C." In addition this puzzle was solved by BERENICE H. S., SAM RIECHMAN, "LITTLE EVA."

A CREED!

I would be true, for there are those that trust me.

I would be pure, for there are those who care.

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer.

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all who are my friends.

I would be giving, and forget the gift.

I would be humble, for I know my weakness.

I would look up, and laugh, and love, and live.

SHORTY.

BLEACHING PANAMAS.

Will some of the G. O. C. folks, who know tell the others of us who do not know how to properly bleach a Panama hat? I don't like the whitening treatment the shoe shine people put on and would like an old-fashioned bleach that will last a long time. JOHN B. MCCARTHY.

MERGER SINCERITY.

Sing a song of eight cents—Now, public don't you see? Just because you thought the "merger" would take place before July. The street car situation is up. The P. U. C. will make things hum. We're sure to see a new line. Are Messrs. HAN and SMITH, JULES BACKENHEIMER.

"Say it with flowers" is all right, but let our band of contributors "Say it with words." GAITHERSBERG LIZ

THE OPTIMIST.

FRANK P. IRVINE, in the Navy at Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes this as his idea of an optimist:

The optimist felt ten stories. As he passed each window bar. He shouted to his friends inside. "All right, so far."

H. O. P., "out on the Dakota prairie," writes: "I get The Times, with H and S and sure enjoy the G. O. C. as much as when I was in Washington. Don't let anybody change the old column," adding this rhyme:

Whether Bill is working hard, He's smiling in the yard. He's sending smiles off by the yard. To the folks that are far away.

The embarrassing moment—when a cake's corset strings break in the presence of a crowd. H. O. P.

WHAT IS A HIGH-BROW?

DEAR BILL:

I suppose all of us must be a "u-nut" in matters of G. O. C. policy, but I'm in favor of admitting the "high-brows."

The popular conception of that species, I am sure, is derived from a priggish minority, not the real article who, by no means unlovely and is essentially a "u-nut." The editor, "roast," I've been flattered myself that all who have given me the editor's high-brows and have a suspicion that the Editor, if searched might be caught with the goods on him. I. C.

I know some boys and girls who work for a man named Katz. They are known as "Katz's kittens." DUTCH.

ORIGINALITY

FRED J. SCHWAB, HENRY SMITH, "AUNTIE BELLE HUM," and many other fans who contribute good original matter to the G. O. C. endorse the editor's appeal for more originality, that the fame of the column may continue to spread. Many ardent fans thoughtlessly send in jokes that have lately appeared elsewhere. As they are written as original, however, it is not always possible to know that they are copied.

So, let's all whoop-em-up now, with the understanding that original fun is going to have right of way over doubtful material.

Street car conductors may be mild-tempered, but they tell many a person where to get off. BAL POLLY.

ADAM NEVER SUFFERED.

Appropos the talk of old jokes, listen to this true rhyme by "SHORTY":

Whatever trouble Adam had, So man could make him sore, By saying, when he told a joke, "I've heard that one before."